

*Libertatis Amator :*

A L I T A N Y. <sup>70</sup>

FROM the lawless Dominion of Mitre and Crown,  
Whose Tyrannies are Absolute grown ;  
That Men become Slaves to Altar and Throne,  
And can call neither Bodies, nor Souls their own.  
*Libera Nos Domine.*

From a Reverend bawling *Theological* Professor,  
From a *Protestant* Zealous for a *Papist* Successor :  
Who for a great Benefice still leaves a lesser,  
And ne'er will die Martyr, nor make good Confessor,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From *Deans*, and from *Chapters*, who live at their Eases,  
Whose Leachery lies in renewing *Church* Leases ;  
Who live in *Cathedrals*, like Maggots in Cheeses,  
And lie like *Abbey* Lubbers stew'd in their own Greases,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, Scholastical Fry,  
Whose Leachery's with their Landreſs to lie ;  
Of *Church* and *State* their Wants to ſupply,  
That Religion and Learning may never die,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a *Holbourn-Hill* Parſon, whoſe Pulpit rings,  
With *Jure Divino* of Biſhops and Kings :  
And from the true Scripture falſe Evidence brings,  
That Kingship and Prieſthood are two ſacred Things,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a Miniſter of the *Engliſh* Church Breed,  
Mother *Church's* own Son by Episcopap Seed ;  
Who with *Tale-Tub*, can burleſque *Lord's Prayer* and *Creed*,  
And can the whole *Bible* Ridicule for a need,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a Scandalous, Limping, Litigious *Vicar*,  
Of whom his Parish grows ſicker and ſicker ;  
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and quicker,  
And who ſtole the Tankard when he drunk out the Liquor,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From an *Altar-Piece* Monger, who rails at *Diſſenters*,  
And Damns *Non-Conformiſts* in the Pulpit he enters :  
Yet all the Week long his own Soul he ventures,  
By being ſo Drunk that he cutteth Indentures.  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From young Boys Ordain'd, whoſe Beards are not grown ;  
From a Journey-Man *Preacher*, to ſome dignify'd Drone :  
Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,  
Still talks of *Rebellion* and *Forty One*,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a *Proteſtant* Church, where a *Papiſt* muſt reign ;  
From a *High Tory* Parliament, to *England* a Stain :  
Who becauſe ſome honeſt *Members* the *Plot* wou'd make plain,  
Their Elections made void, and they ſent Home again,  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From Fools, Knaves and Villains, Prerogative Tories,  
From *Church* that for the *Babylon* Whore is ;  
From a Pretended Prince, like Pear rotten at Core is,  
From a *Court* that has Millions, yet as *Job* poor is.  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From all that would the *Hanover* Succeſſion bambouze,  
And thoſe Villains that honeſt Men's *Mouths* wou'd up Muzzle,  
From thoſe that love nothing but *French* Wine to guzzle,  
And with their Knaviſh Quirks, and Tricks us wou'd puzzle.  
*Libera Nos, &c.*

From a *W—r* at *St. J—s*, and another at *Paris*,  
From the *Harliquin* Plot well known to *Bob. Farriſs*,  
Deliver us, Lord, from this very Thing,  
From the Sham Prince of *Wales*, and the *French* King.

